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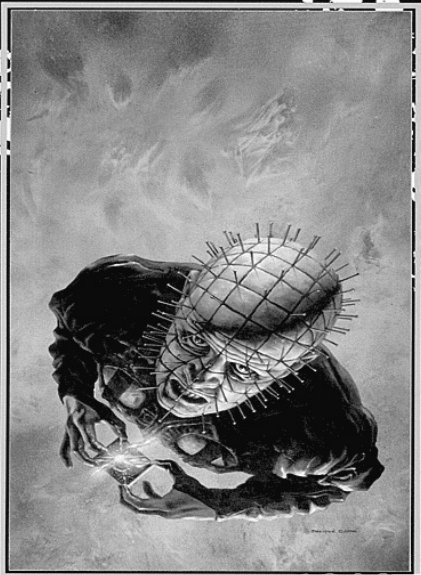
CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

Erik Saltzgeber
John Bolton

Sholly Fisch
Dan Spiegle

Jan Strnad
Bernie Wrightson

Ted McKeever



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scAnz



foreword
D.G. Chichester
page 2

introduction
Clive Barker
page 3

The Canons Of Pain
Erik Saltzgeber
writer
John Bolton
art
Bill Oakley
letterer
page 4

Dead Man's Hand
Sholly Fisch
writer
Dan Spigle
art
Sherilyn Van Valkenburgh
colors
Carrie Spigle
letterer
page 21

The Warm Red
Jan Strnad
writer
Bernie Wrightson
art
Bill Wray
colors
Michael Heisler
letterer
page 29

Dance Of The Fetus
Ted McKeever
writer/artist
page 45

afterword
D.G. Chichester
page 63

front and end piece illustration by
Kent Williams

page 44 illustration by
Mark Chiarello

cover art by
John Bolton



FOREWORD

Be warned -- at the end of this foreword, things are going to get horrible.

For several years, Archie Goodwin and myself had discussed the possibility of Epic doing a horror comic. We were both convinced that the the unique melding of words and images that is comics offered a powerful forum for tales of terror; we were also equally convinced that to use the medium to its fullest potential *today* would require us to overcome the pitfalls of so many horror comics of the recent past, the ones where the stories always ended with a cliched "twist" of, "And she woke up the next morning to find that her husband -- in the bed next to her -- *HAD REALLY BEEN DEAD FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS!*" We needed something more -- an arena where our stories could develop the texture and complexity we wanted, independent of the conventions of the past; an arena where the rules of old went out the window and, for a change, the Christians ate the lions.

We found that arena in Clive Barker's two films, *HELLRAISER* and *HELLBOUND: HELLRAISER II*. Epic had been offered the chance to do a comic adaptation of *HELLBOUND*, but neither Archie or myself felt a straight adaptation could do justice to the runaway-train-of-malevolence feeling that had impressed us about both movies. But if there were some way to tap into the heart of Clive's *HELLRAISER* mythos, some way to overturn its rocks and see what new and delightfully dark things might slither out...

At Archie's suggestion, we locked ourselves in a room with Clive (perhaps not the sanest of suggestions given the sort of things Clive writes books and makes movies about) and writers Erik Saltzgeber and Phil Nutman, the five of us then setting out to pick apart and expand the tapestry of the *HELLRAISER* universe with our questions: What had created the Lament Configurations -- the puzzle boxes that opened the doorways to Hell? Were there other puzzles that did the same thing? What commands the Cenobites -- the mutilated demons summoned by the solving of one of the puzzles? Did any one of us have the key to the lock that would let us out of that room?

From that meeting came a bible -- or, given the nature of the project, perhaps more appropriately a *grimoire* -- a set of concepts and guidelines that established what could happen in this world across time and space. Those concepts then went out as a call to arms to artists and writers to do battle in our new arena, a chance to develop their own stories and Cenobites -- tales that would interact and cross over each other within the *HELLRAISER* universe, each new vision helping to build a unique and horrific mythology.

This book you hold is the beginning of that new myth, the beginning of art and stories that you will hopefully find yourself returning to every now and again when you feel the need to have something crawl under your skin -- and pull it off from the inside; tales you will hopefully return to every now and again...

...if there's anything left of you after the first time through.

D.G. Chichester

INTRODUCTION

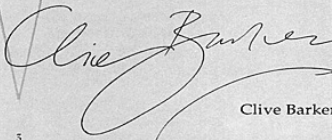
The extraordinary thing is this: that the moment you make a story or create an image that finds favour with an audience, you've effectively lost it. It toddles off, the little bastard; it becomes the property of the fans. It's they who create around it their own mythologies; who make sequels and prequels in their imagination; who point out the inconsistencies in your plotting. I can envisage no greater compliment. What more could a writer or a film maker ever ask, than that their fiction be embraced and become part of the dream-lives of people who it's likely he'll never even meet?

HELLRAISER, and to a lesser extent the novella upon which it's based, The Hellbound Heart, were pieces of work that elicited these welcome responses from their first appearance on page and screen. That the Lament Configuration and the Cenobites its solving summons -- Pinhead especially, of course -- be taken to the hearts and imaginations of so many healthily perverse folks around the world was both surprising and reassuring to me. The former because the film had been made very cheaply -- as much to prove to myself and the overlords of Hollywood that I could turn a modest amount of money into a marketable film; the latter because the images and ideas in the picture were extremely dark, and I was delighted that there was a sizeable audience for a horror film that didn't dice adolescents in the shower, or have its tongue buried so deeply in its cheek it could lick out its ear from the inside.

But back to what I was saying about the work being possessed by others. After HELLRAISER came HELLBOUND: HELLRAISER II, in which writer Peter Atkins and director Tony Randel took the open threads of the first movie and wove their own sequel. It wasn't the movie I would have made, but it was immensely interesting to see how other minds and other talents dealt with the ideas; exploring avenues I hadn't even contemplated when I first set pen to paper.

Which brings me on to the comic book in your hands, the first of what I hope will be many such little monsters. It's twin godfathers are Archie Goodwin and Dan Chichester, and its many parents are listed in the pages that follow. Though my name's on the cover I am, you see, just a bystander at this baptism. But I'm proud nevertheless. Not just that so many fine creators were sufficiently attracted by the conceits of HELLRAISER to expand its fictional world with tales of their own, but because -- lo and behold! -- the little bastard movie I made's got a life of its own.

Who'd have thought it? Who'd have ever thought?



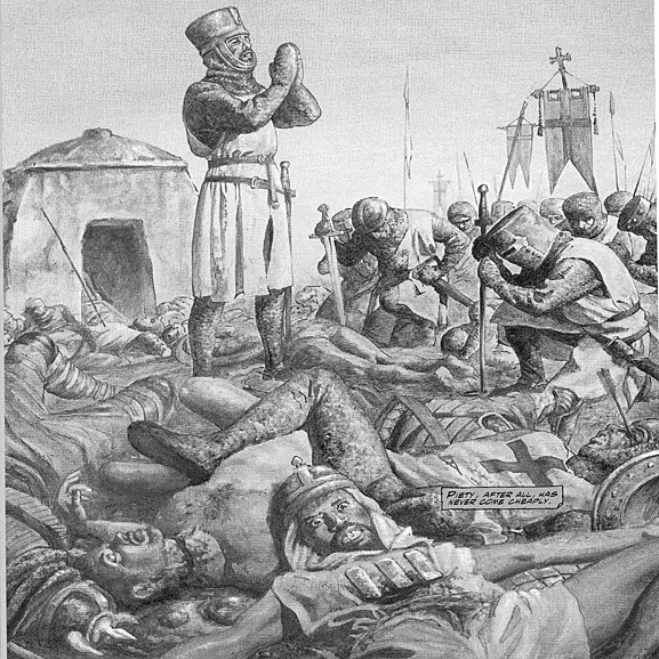
Clive Barker

The Canons of Pain

ERIK SALTZGABER ~ JOHN BOLTON ~ BILL OAKLEY

THE LEVANT, THE HOLYEST OF HOLY LANDS - SINCE THE DEATH OF CHRIST THE SITE OF COUNTLESS CRUSADES TO RETURN HIS ARTIFACTS TO THE TRUE HEAT OF CIVILIZATION AND LEARNING IN THE WORLD.

IN THE PROCESS COUNTLESS LIVES WERE LOST, MEN AND WOMEN LEFT TO DIE IN THE DUST AND SAND SO THAT HIS TRUTH COULD BETTER BE KNOWN.

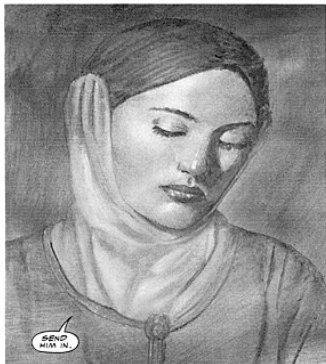


PIETY, AFTER ALL, HAS NEVER COME CHEAPLY.

CASTLE CARILLION, THE SEAT OF THE COUNT OF CARILLION. CURRENTLY ON A CRUSADE TO RETURN THE ARROW PERGED SHROUD OF ST. RUMRUS TO FRANCE, THE COUNT'S REEFDOM IS THE THIRD LARGEST IN FRANCE, AND THE LADY CARILLION HAS ABLY MANAGED IT SINCE THE COUNT'S DEPARTURE ON HIS HOLY QUEST.



LADY CARILLION, FATHER ROBATAILLE IS HERE TO SEE YOU.



SEND HIM IN.



TO WHAT DO I OWE THE BLESSED FATHER'S VISIT?

MY LADY CARILLION, I HAVE COME TO BEG YOUR APPROBATION IN ALLOWING MY PARISH TO CELEBRATE THE REAST OF ST. JUDE ON THE DAY OF THE NEW MOON.



SURELY, FATHER, YOU DON'T NEED MY APPROVAL. THE CHURCH REIGNS SUPREME IN OUR LAND, AND YOUR PARISH'S WORSHIP FOR OUR LORD FAR EXCEEDS THEIR CONCERN FOR MY WORD AS THEIR LANDLORD.

NOT SO, MY LADY. MY PARISH RESPECTS THE LAWS OF GOD AND OF CARILLION EQUALLY. THE COUNT, AND YOU, MY LADY, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FAR TO THEM, AND YOUR PIETY IS BEYOND QUESTION.

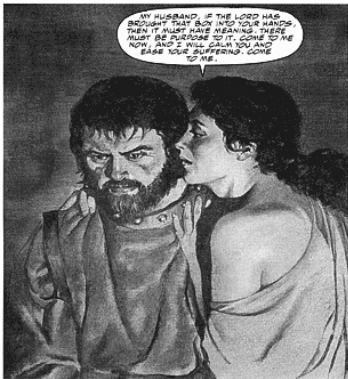


THANK YOU, FATHER AND BY ALL MEANS, CELEBRATE. I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH AN OX TO PROPERLY FEED YOUR PARISH.

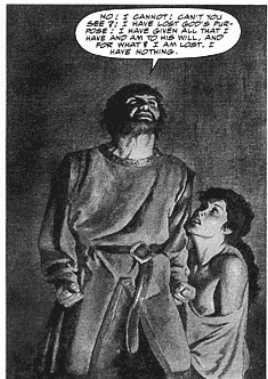
THANK YOU, MY LADY.







MY HUSBAND, IF THE LORD HAS BROUGHT THAT BOY INTO YOUR HANDS, THEN IT MUST HAVE MEANING. THERE MUST BE PURPOSE TO IT. COME TO ME NOW, AND I WILL CALM YOU AND EASE YOUR SUFFERING. COME TO ME.



NO! I CANNOT! CAN'T YOU SEE? I HAVE LOST GOD'S PURPOSE. I HAVE GIVEN ALL THAT I HAVE AND AM TO HIS WILL, AND FOR WHAT? I AM LOST. I HAVE NOTHING.



YOU HAVE ME! YOU HAVE MY LOVE, MY SOUL, MY ALL. IS THAT NOT ENOUGH? IS GOD'S BOUNTY IN ME NOT ENOUGH?



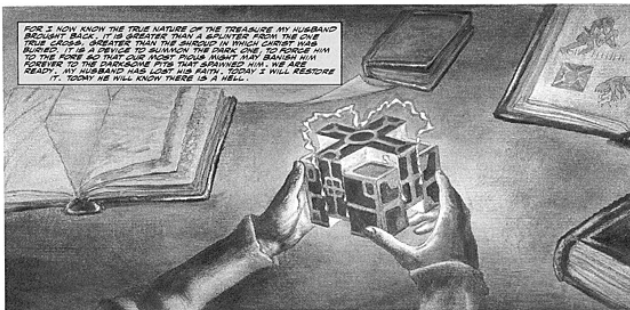
VERY WELL. YOU ARE EVERYTHING TO ME. I WILL DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE CHURCH, TO FINDING IN GOD OUR PLACE AND OUR PASSION. I WILL NOT FAIL YOU, MY LOVE. WE SHALL BE REUNITED IN FAITH, OR IT SHALL BE THE DEATH OF ME.

MY HUSBAND RETURNED OVER
A YEAR AGO, PERCEIVING HIS
CRUSADE AS A FAILURE.
DEPENDENT SINCE HIS RETURN,
HE ALLOWED HIS LANDS AND
HIS HOUSEHOLD TO FALL INTO
DISREPAIR.

FOR MY PART, I HAVE KEPT MY PROMISE
AND HAVE BEEN BUSY WITH WORKS WITHIN
THE CHURCH. SINCE FATHER ROBATAILLE'S
ASCENDENCY TO MONSIEUR, I HAVE
VOWED TO AID HIM IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST
EVIL IN ALL ITS INCARNATE FORMS. I HAVE
STUDIED THE GOSPELS... AND THEIR
COUNTERPOINTS. FOR TO BATTLE AN ENEMY,
ONE MUST FIRST KNOW HIM--AND HIS TOOLS.



FOR I NOW KNOW THE TRUE NATURE OF THE TREASURE MY HUSBAND
BROUGHT BACK. IT IS GREATER THAN A SPUNTER FROM THE ONE
TRUE CROSS. GREATER THAN THE SHROUD IN WHICH CHRIST WAS
BURIED. IT IS A DEVICE TO SUMMON THE DARK ONE, TO FORCE HIM
TO THE FORTH SO THAT OUR MOST POWERFUL MAY BANISH HIM
FOREVER TO THE DARKSOME FITS THAT SPAWNED HIM. WE ARE
READY. MY HUSBAND HAS LOST HIS FAITH. TODAY I WILL RESTORE
IT. TOMORROW HE WILL KNOW THERE IS A HELL.

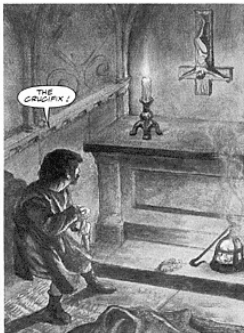


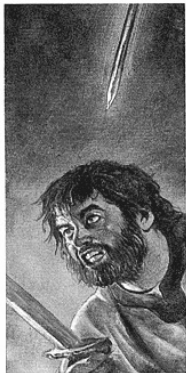
AND THAT WE ARE THE BETTER OF IT.
I WILL SEE MY HUSBAND SAVED.

I HAVE
COME - NOW
YOU MUST
GO.

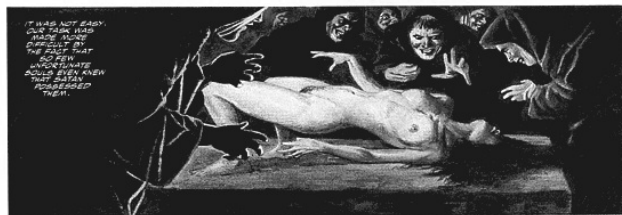












BUT THE DARK ONE WAS AMONG
US. I HAVE SEEN HIS MARK.



I HAVE SEEN THE SEAL OF HIS CLOVEN
HOOF STAMPED INTO THE VERY FABRIC OF
OUR LIVES, TOUCHING MEN, WOMEN AND
CHILDREN FROM ALL STATIONS.



FOR WE KNOW HIM NOW, THE MONSIEUR
AND I RECOGNIZE HIS WAYS, AND WE WILL
DEAL HIM THE MOST TELLING OF BLOWS.
FOR DARK IS THE POWER AND
RIGHTEDNESS OF GOD.



WE SHALL NOT FAIL
HIM, NOR HE US.

MY BABY WILL
BE BORN SOON.



AND I WILL NOT
BEAR MY CHILD
INTO SUCH A
WRETCHED WORLD.



WE SHALL SEE AN END
TO HIS REIGN. TODAY.











THEY WAS A PRETTY FAST-LIVIN' BUNCH DOWN IN
CARVER'S CREEK. DON'T SUPPOSE MUCH OF ANYTHIN'
COULD OF TOOK 'EM BY SURPRISE.



CEPTIN' THAT ONE TIME,
OF COURSE--



--WHEN THAT STRANGER
CAME T' TOWN.



WRITTEN BY SHOLLY FISCH
ARTWORK BY DAN SPIEGLE
LETTERING BY CARRIE SPIEGLE
COLORS BY SHERILYN VAN
VALKENBURGH



NOW, WE'D HEARD TELL O' THIS SORT O' THING BEFORE. RUMOR WAS, SOME FOLKS WOUND UP RUINED FOR LIFE.



AND OTHERS, WELL...



...THEY JUST KIND O' DISAPPEARED.

HAVE A SEAT.



SOME SAY JED GOT WHAT HE DESERVED THAT DAY.



WE'LL USE MY CARDS, IF Y'ONT MIND.

SOME SAY HE DIDN'T.



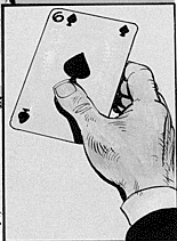
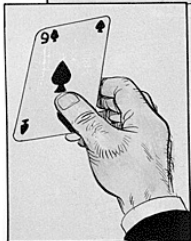
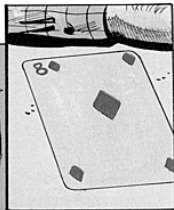
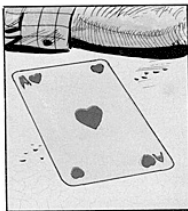
WHY, CERTAINLY, I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK ME DISHONEST.

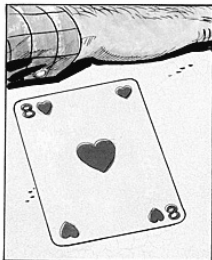
ME. I FIGURE HE WAS LIKE MOST FOLKS...



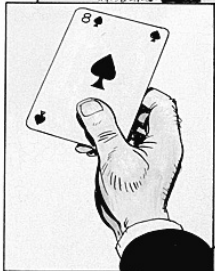
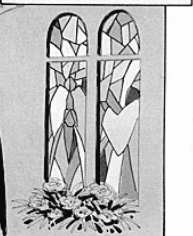
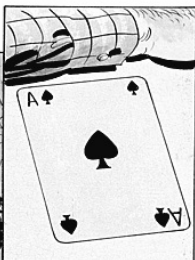
AFTER ALL, CHEATING IS SO DISORDERLY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

HE'D DONE SOME BAD IN HIS DAY...

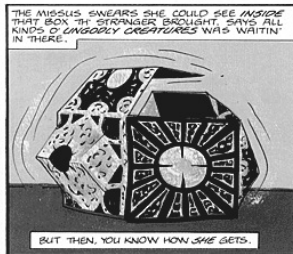
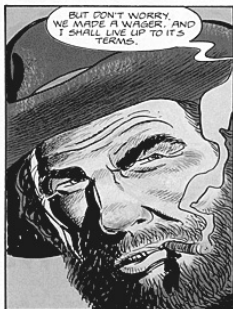


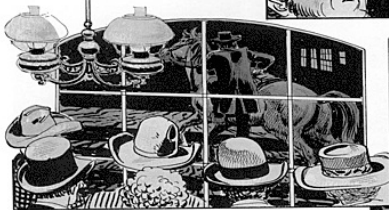


...AND HE'D DONE HIS SHARE OF GOOD.











I'M TELLING YOU,
IT'S THE DEAL OF THE
DECADE. YOU CAN'T
LOSE.

SO WHY SELL
IT TO ME? WHY
NOT GRAB IT
YOURSELF?

THE WARM RED

JAN STRNAD
BERNIE WRIGHTSON
BILL WRAY
MICHAEL HEISLER



ARE YOU KIDDING?
I'VE GOT A SIX-FIGURE
INCOME TO PROTECT. ONE
SHOT OF MY NAME ON ANY
DEED WITHIN FIFTY MILES
OF THIS PROJECT AND
ZIP-- I MIGHT AS WELL
TURN IN MY MOUSE EARS.

YOU'RE
SURE OF YOUR
INFORMATION?

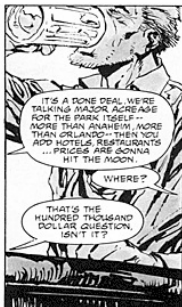
I GOT THE
GREEN LIGHT THIS
MORNING. WE'RE
DOING IT.



MONEY-BACK
GUARANTEE?

LOOK, IF YOU
DON'T WANT IN--

SIT DOWN, SIT
DOWN. SURE I WANT
IN. I JUST WANT TO
KNOW I'M NOT WAST-
ING MY MONEY.



IT'S A DONE DEAL. WE'RE
TALKING MAJOR ACREAGE
FOR THE PARK ITSELF--
MORE THAN ANAHEIM, MORE
THAN ORLANDO-- THEN YOU
ADD HOTELS, RESTAURANTS
... PRICES ARE GONNA
HIT THE MOON.

WHERE?

THAT'S THE
HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLAR QUESTION,
ISN'T IT?

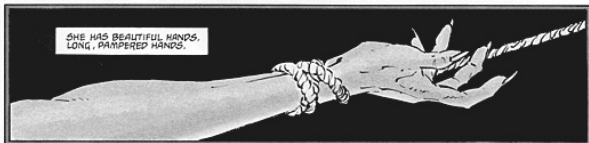


HALF NOW, HALF
WHEN THE PROPERTY'S
SOLD, CONTINGENT ON
A 500% RETURN ON
MY NET INVESTMENT.

THAT WASN'T
OUR DEAL.

THAT'S MY
DEAL. CALL IT
INSURANCE
AGAINST LOOSE
LIPS.



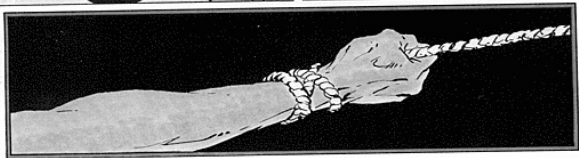




BUT REALLY,
BRIAN, I'M OLD
ENOUGH TO BE
YOUR MOTHER.



SURELY
I'M...SAFE.



MY MOTHER WAS
OLD. YOU'RE NOT LIKE
HER. YOU'RE VERY...
PRETTY.

YOU'RE LUCKY SHE'S
NOT AROUND TO HEAR
YOU SAY THAT. I DON'T
THINK SHE'D BE TOO
FLATTERED.



DON'T BE
STUPID. SHE'S DEAD.
HOW COULD SHE
HEAR?

OF COURSE.
WELL--

--I'M FLATTERED
ANYWAY. THANK YOU.

YOU'RE
WELCOME.

THE FACT IS, BRIAN, IT'S
BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE
ANYONE CALLED ME
"PRETTY". THESE DAYS,
I'M MORE FREQUENTLY
REFERRED TO AS "A
HANDSOME WOMAN"--

--AND USUALLY BY
SOME BEER GUT IN A
CHEAP SUIT TRYING
TO SPLIT MY
COMMISSION.



HER SKIN IS SMOOTH,
BUT PALE. IT WANTS--

--A DROP OF COLOR.

WOULD YOU
LIKE A GLASS OF
LEMONADE?

HOW'S
THE FARMING,
BRIAN?

I KNOW THE
WHOLE STATE'S
READY TO JUST
DRY UP AND BLOW
AWAY.

WHAT ABOUT THE
CATTLE? HOW MANY
HEAD DID YOU BRING
TO MARKET THIS
YEAR?

NONE.

I'M SORRY TO
HEAR THAT. I
GUESS TIMES HAVE
BEEN TOUGH.

YOU COULD
SAY.

BEEN
DRY.



I THINK I COULD
HELP YOU, BRIAN. I
COULD GET YOU A
GOOD PRICE FOR THIS
PLACE, THE HOUSE
AND LAND.

HOW
MUCH?



MAYBE TEN THOUSAND
FOR THE HOUSE, THE LAND.
I DON'T KNOW, AS MUCH
AS THREE HUNDRED AN
ACRE, MAYBE, WITH LUCK.



THAT'S
A LOT OF
MONEY.

I'M NOT MAKING
ANY PROMISES I
COULD GET THAT MUCH.
IT'S A MATTER OF
FINDING THE RIGHT
BUYERS, PARCELING
IT OUT.



OF COURSE I
COULD BUY IT MYSELF
RIGHT NOW, ALL OF IT,
FOR A LITTLE LESS.

HOT
TODAY.



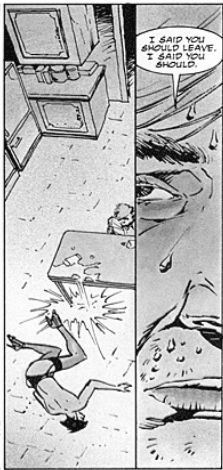
BUT YOU MAY NOT
WANT TO SELL AT ALL.
MAYBE WHEN YOU
AND YOUR GIRLFRIEND
GET MARRIED, YOU'LL
WANT A LITTLE--

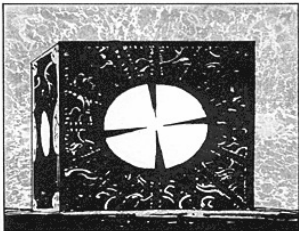
I DON'T HAVE
A GIRLFRIEND.

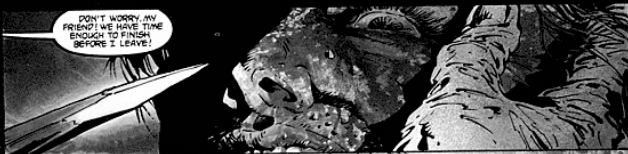


REALLY? WHY
NOT? A FINE, STRONG
BOY LIKE YOU--









THE DISSOLUTION OF MY OWN FLESH DELIGHTS ME! THE CHAOS OF CELLULAR AGITATION-- THE CACOPHONY OF LIFE-- IS REPLACED WITH THE PURE MATHEMATICAL ORBITS OF ELECTRONS, THE HARMONY OF CRYSTAL, THE SWEET MUSIC OF THE SUBATOMIC SPHERES!



ONE MIGHT THINK I WASN'T WELCOME.

IT'S BEEN A LONG WAIT, BRIAN. MY ABSENCE, INEXCUSABLY PROLONGED.



I MATERIALIZE. THE WOMAN SEES ME AND BEGINS TO SCREAM UNCONTROLLABLY.



HELLO, FACE.

BRIAN.



YOU'VE KEPT
ME WAITING A
LONG TIME.

I'M SORRY.

I CAN SEE YOU,
YOU KNOW, FROM THE
OTHER SIDE. YOU'VE HAD
OPPORTUNITIES.

I KNOW.
I'M SORRY.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE
SHE GETS THE ENERGY
TO SCREAM LIKE THAT.

ALWAYS THE SCALPEL
BRIAN IS A CREATURE
OF HABIT.

SH. THERE'S
NOTHING TO DO
ABOUT IT NOW. I
TOLD YOU TO LEAVE
AND YOU DIDN'T. **FACE**
IS HERE NOW, AND
IT'S TOO LATE.

PLEASE...

FACE, PLEASE.
LISTEN--



WHOEVER...
WHATEVER YOU ARE!
LISTEN TO ME!



NO TIME FOR
TALK. TIME TO GET
TO WORK.

PLEASE! FACE!
I'LL MAKE YOU A
DEAL!



WAIT.



GO AHEAD I'M
LISTENING.



IT'S ABOUT
YOUR PARTNER HERE.
HE'S A NOBODY. HE'S
WHAT WE CALL...A
LOSER.

HE LIVES ALL ALONE
AWAY FROM TOWN. AWAY
FROM EVERYBODY.
KEEPS TO HIMSELF. IT'S
A WONDER HE EVER
GETS ANYBODY UP
TO THIS DUMP.



SHUT UP!
SHUT UP, OR I'LL,
I'LL, I'LL--

YOU'LL WHAT?
KILL ME?

LET HER
FINISH.

THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE BIG, REALLY BIG, TWO YEARS FROM NOW IT'LL BE SWARMING WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN THAT LAMEBRAIN CAN COUNT.

THEY CAN BE YOURS, FACE. I PROMISE IT! I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I'LL FIND A WAY! THEY'LL BE YOURS!

DON'T LISTEN TO HER, FACE! SHE'S LYING, DON'T LISTEN TO HER!

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF -- HE'S MISSED OPPORTUNITIES. HE'S WEAK, FACE! I'M STRONG. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING. WHAT HE WANTS. I'VE GOT PLANS, AMBITION. I CAN DELIVER WHAT YOU NEED.

YOU NEED A PARTNER WHO'S A WINNER. DON'T SADDLE YOURSELF WITH A LOSER. HE'S NOTHING, LESS THAN NOTHING!

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

DUMP THE RETARD! LET ME TAKE HIS PLACE. I'LL DO MORE FOR YOU THAN HE'S EVER DREAMED OF DOING.

SHE'S LYING! IT'S A TRICK TO MAKE US LET HER GO! DON'T BELIEVE HER, FACE!

I THINK SHE MEANS WHAT SHE SAYS.

FACE--

GOODBYE, BRIAN. IT'S BEEN FUN.

BUT NOT NEARLY, NEARLY ENOUGH.



I DIDN'T KILL HIM, OF COURSE.



I COULDN'T TAKE MAUREEN'S ASSURANCES AT FACE VALUE. AFTER ALL, MANY THINGS ARE PROMISED UNDER DURESS THAT CANNOT BE DELIVERED IN REALITY.



FOR BRIAN, IT WILL BE A RETURN TO HIS CHILDHOOD. FOR ME, A DIVERSION. FOR HER, IT'S A TEST.



I TOLD HER TO THINK OF IT AS AN AUDITION. I TOLD HER TO USE HER IMAGINATION, TO HAVE FUN WITH THE ROLE.

HE BEGS, BUT SHE IGNORES HIM, STUDYING HIS BODY CAREFULLY. ALWAYS, THE HARDEST PART IS DECIDING WHERE TO BEGIN. IT'S GOOD THAT SHE'S SO METICULOUS.

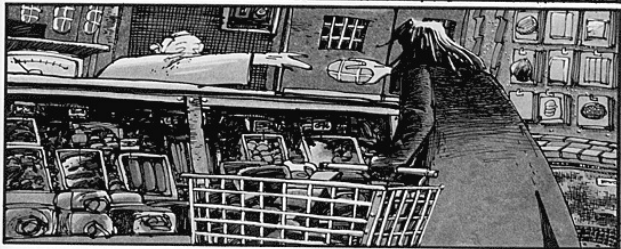
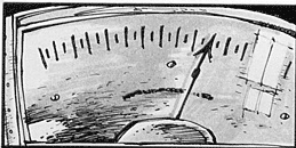
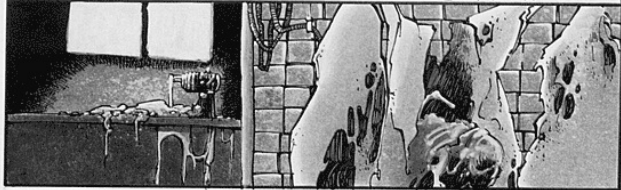


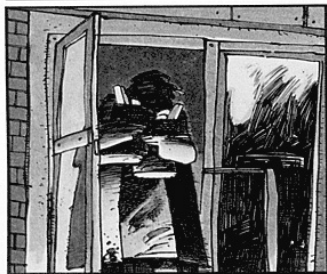
AH, SHE'S MADE HER DECISION. LET'S SEE WHAT SHE DOES...

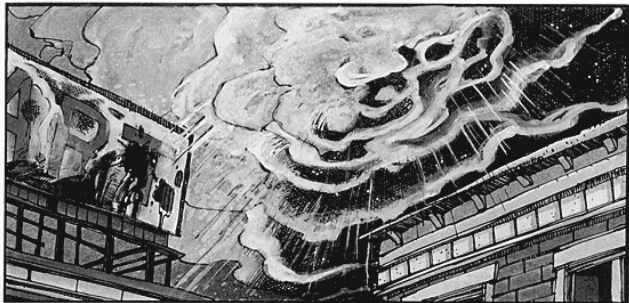


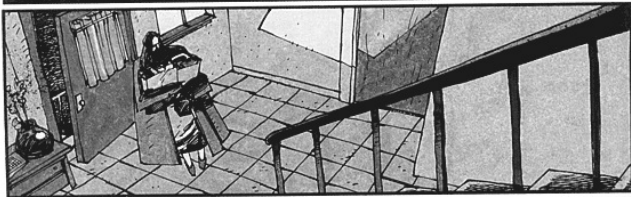
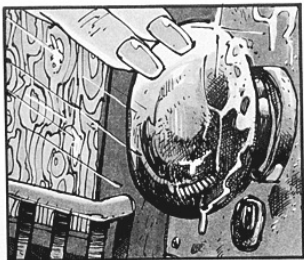
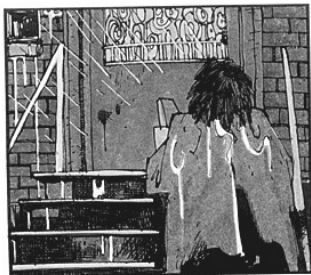


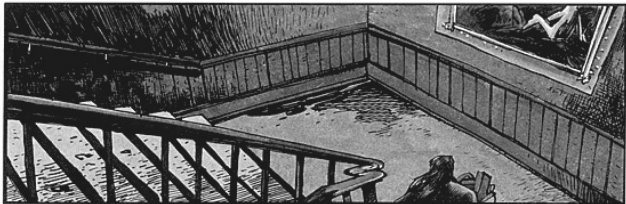
Dance of the Fetus by Ted McKerver







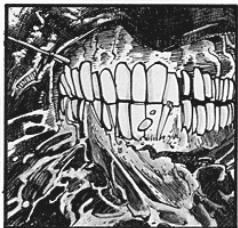


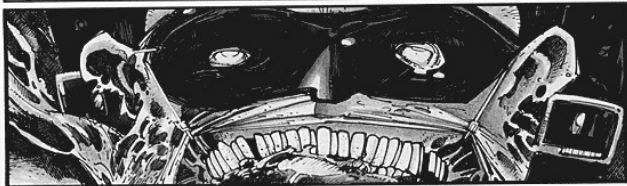
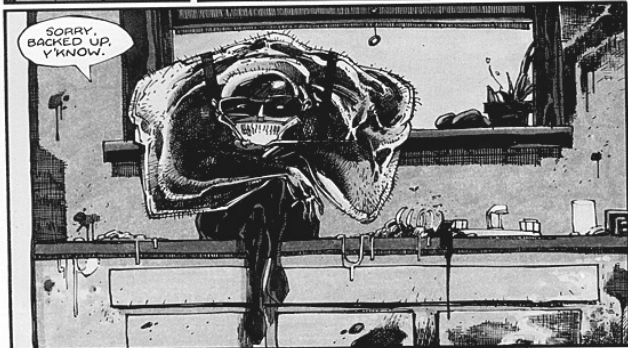
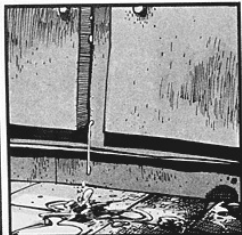




ANOTHER FALSE
IMPRESSION.
HOW MUCH LONGER
MUST I WAIT?









I'VE RUN THIS EXACT SCENE IN MY HEAD SO MANY TIMES, I THOUGHT I'D KNOW HOW TO REACT WHEN THE TIME CAME.



AFTER THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-TENTH TIME, I KNEW YOU WERE SERIOUS. STILL FEEL THAT WAY?



YES.



WHAT WAS THE LAST STRAW? WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO CASH IN?



DON'T KNOW. NOTHING SPECIFIC.



TYPICAL.



CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING
BEFORE WE START?

NAH. FINISHED
THE CHICKEN IN
THE FRIDGE.
FIGURED YOU
WOULDN'T BE
NEEDIN' IT.



YEAH,
RIGHT.



IF THAT'S IT, LET'S
GET STARTED.

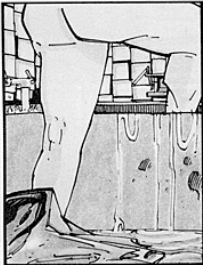
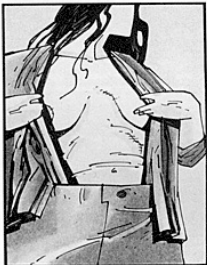
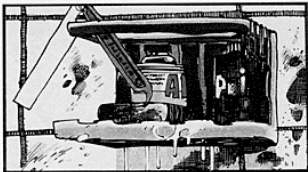
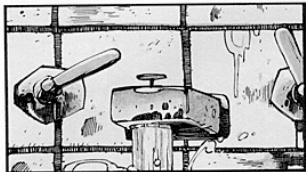


WHAT DO
I NEED
TO DO?



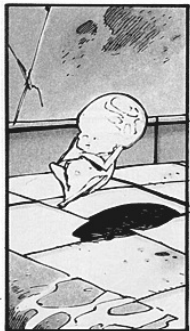
YOU'VE ALREADY DONE IT.
NOW IT'S MY TURN.

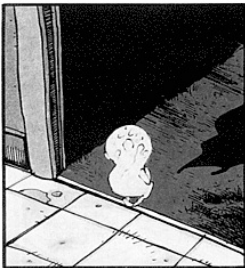


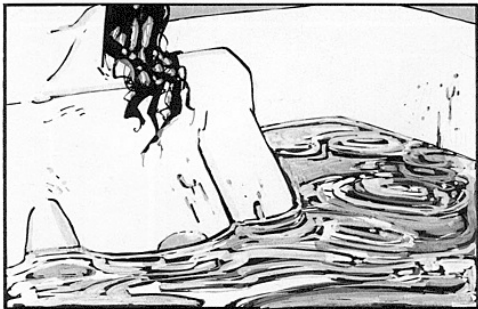
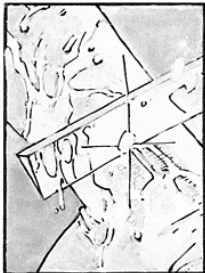
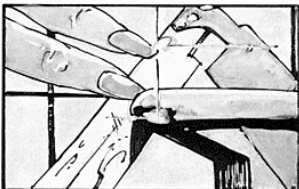
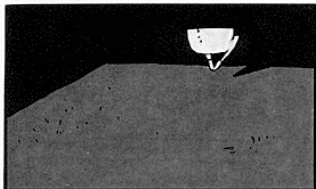


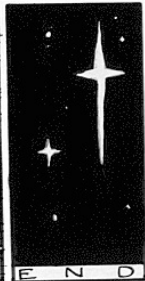
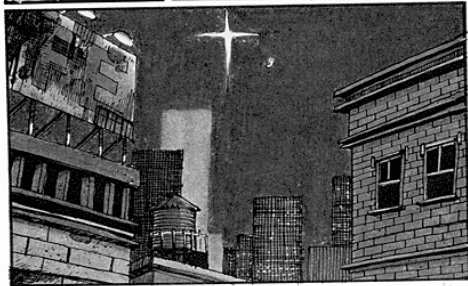
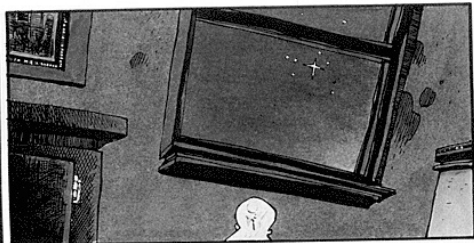












AFTERWORD

To gain entry past the gates of Hell, the characters in our stories must make the choice to solve one of the myriad puzzles placed selectively across the cosmos by the powers of darkness. Your own journeys into darkness with us are no less intricately achieved -- for each of our stories is a new piece in a complex puzzle that we offer to you, our gentle readers.

Some of the pieces you have to look forward to in the coming months...

- ☐ The answers to a crossword puzzle lead to an unspeakable terror in Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean's "Wordsworth".
- ☐ A ruthless warden must solve the mystery of a prisoner's escape in "The Vault", by Marcus McLaurin and Jorge Zaffino; the warden's only clue: a strange puzzle box left sitting in the missing man's cell...
- ☐ The return of Jan Strnad's Cenobite, Face, in tales of the near past ("To Prepare A Face"), and the far future ("The Crystal Precipice").
- ☐ An artist gets more than he bargained for when he takes lessons from Hell in Phil Nutman and Bill Koeb's "The Pleasures Of Deception".
- ☐ A brilliant musician finds the notes he writes have charms which madden the savage beasts when *HELLBOUND* screenwriter Peter Atkins plays his "Songs Of Metal And Flesh".
- ☐ Hoping to uncover the reasons behind his brother's death, a young scientist delves into the mystery of a series of mass suicides in "Glitter & Go", by Ron Wolfe and Dan Spiegle.
- ☐ Ted McKeever's unlikely duo of Mr. Soul and Simply Fetus (from "Dance Of The Fetus") reunite at a New Orleans jazz club in "Closing Time".
- ☐ A computer simulation takes its programmers to nightmarish levels of experience in Mark Kneece & Scott Hampton's "The Threshold".
- ☐ Plus singular images of Hell's labyrinths from Bill Sienkiewicz, Jon J Muth, Kevin O'Neill, A.C. Farley, and a legion of other artistic talents...

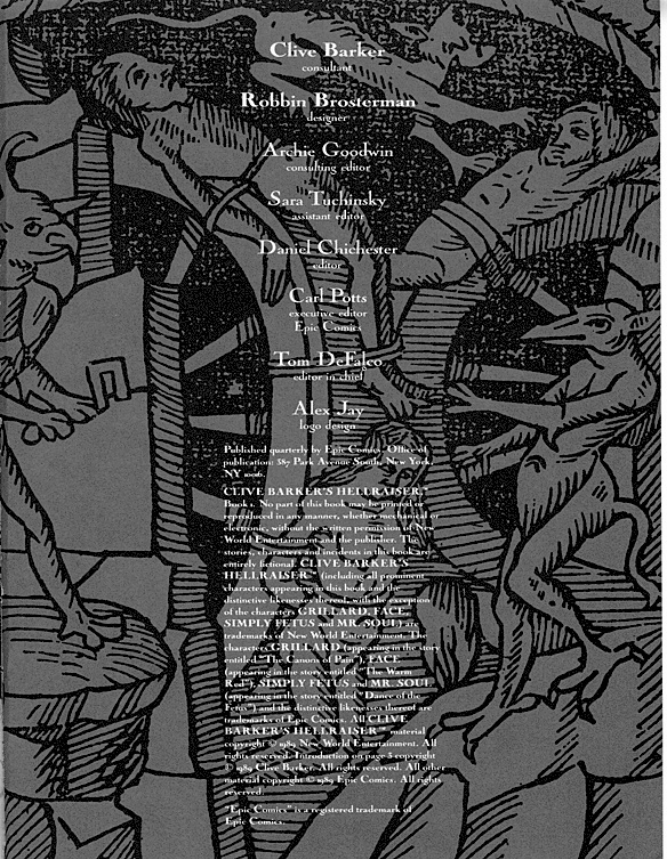
These are the pieces layed out before you. Yours is the thrill and the challenge of turning them over, of getting to know them, of putting them together.

You solve the puzzle.

We'll be waiting to pick up your pieces when you're done.

D.G. Chichester





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darkly malevolent films—tales of terror the
movies don't dare unleash...

